

WHITWELL FIRE IS BIG LOSS Three Business Houses Are Completely Destroyed

Doctor's Office, Barn and Other Buildings Burn---
Total Loss is \$18,000

WHITWELL, Tenn., Aug. 28.—This place was visited by a fire early to night which wiped out three business houses, a doctor's office and his barn, and damaged three other buildings, the total loss being not less than \$18,000.

The fire started in a restaurant owned by Bert Kimbro, the origin being said to have been a defective fire, although an acetylene gas plant is claimed by some to have served to spread the flames. Dr. Seay, the physician for the coal company, lost his office and all its contents, which included his library and a stock of drugs and all his apparatus. The general merchandise store of D. T. Layne & Co. was likewise a total loss, this store standing third in the row of buildings that was consumed. The other store was the Whitwell Drug company, which lost its entire stock. On the opposite side of the street, fronts of the stores of W. A. Brown & Son and W. A. Walker and the Bank of Whitwell were badly damaged.

The Whitwell Drug company estimates its loss at \$5,000. D. T. Layne & Co. place theirs at twice that sum, while Dr. Seay's loss cannot be less than \$1,500. These, with minor damages, will push the total loss to the figure named. The fire started at about 8:30, and within an hour the three buildings, which adjoined and were all lighted by the same acetylene gas system, were in ashes.

PARTY FROM TRACY AT KETNER'S MILL

A jolly party from Tracy City, composed of Sam Werner, manager of the Werner Saw Mills at Tracy; R. B. Roberts, manager of the Conlont Coal Company; H. J. Bowers, cashier of the Tracy City Bank; R. E. Morris, cashier of the Cumberland Valley Bank of Nashville; Carl Werner and Mr. Myers, arrived here Sunday en route to Ketner's Mill for a fishing trip. They came thru in Mr. Werner's automobile, and are chasing the finny tribe with plenty of bait.

STAR LAUNDRY WITHDRAWS FROM FIELD

JASPER, Tenn., Aug. 30.—The lawsuit of Rev. W. D. Dew, against the Star Laundry was tried yesterday, Friday 29th, before Squire S. B. Raulston, and judgement for \$8.00 and costs was rendered against the Star Laundry for damage sustained by the plaintiff. As a result of this law suit the Star Laundry is no longer doing business in Jasper, having tried, it is believed, to make at appear that they had revoked the agency until the law suit mentioned was settled. But G. Thach, who has been representing the Star Laundry in Jasper, was too considerate of his customers to leave them without laundry service, and since that time he has introduced the Crown Laundry of Chattanooga, which seems to be one of the best, if not the best in the State. So far as we have been able to learn there seems to be general satisfaction given by the Crown Laundry. And we can heartily recommend their agent, G. Thach, who is prompt in collecting the laundry, and equally as prompt in delivering it. If you want your laundry handled by an agent who will give you the best service, give your laundry to G. Thach and he will guarantee satisfaction, for he is a hustler in everything he undertakes to do. So with a first class laundry and a first class agent in Jasper you may expect first class service.

Don't place upon the stranger the responsibility of getting acquainted with you at your church

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UNION SERVICE

AT MT. ZION

A union service was held at Mt. Zion Sunday, beginning at 11 a. m. with preaching by Rev. Thomas. In the evening the discourse was delivered by Rev. W. A. Chadwick, who greatly affected his hearers. Dinner was had at the Jones Spring, and greatly enjoyed. The services were held in the grove near the church.

UNCLE TOM'S LETTER

Sometimes I go to church to and try to get in touch with the preacher and the worship, but just can't, for I hear so much that I can't swallow that I had about as well be at home or somewhere else. When a preacher blarney out he isn't a saint then I ask myself, what is he? When he proceeds to misrepresent other christians and launches out with a whole lot of throwoffs against them, I think he isn't much, if any better than "August Fly" about seeing any good in those he is prejudiced against. Lots of prejudice in this old world and yet we all know better for our fathers in organizing our system of government were very particular to guarantee religious freedom to all men. It appears there are three things a man can't say much about and hold a job in this country and that is socialism, the union and religion. Advocate real genuine, holy ghost religion, or even defend any kind of religion not popular with the D. D's, and you'll get every religious despot on your back in the country. I am not wanting to make war on any one's religion, but I would like to see him let alone in his or her religious freedom. I heard only last night at Oak Grove a throwoff on the Holiness people. I thought it was entirely unnecessary and uncalled for, yet the preacher was beginning a revival. I guess his revival will be a failure, as I have not heard of a single successful anti-holiness meeting in a long time. The preacher said he wasn't a saint and I kind of agree with him. Wish he was. These preachers who claim nothing are certainly failures.

Well, I believe we have enough Scripture to put to route the repudiators of a holy ghost religion, even if it does cause men and women to act silly and foolish when under its power and influence. I never saw the holy roller gang as they are called, but I doubt whether a single one of them has ever acted as indecent as Saul and David acted when they fell under the power and influence of the Holy Ghost. Saul lay down naked all day and all night, and David uncovered himself before his servants, which was very shocking to his wife, Michal. What a silly foolish thing is this holy ghost religion and how it shocks the dignity of the elegant and refined. Paul in the 4th chapter of 1st Corinthians acknowledges "he was a fool for Christ's sake," and then reminds his critics they were wise, strong and honorable while he was weak and despised, telling them he was hungry, thirsty and naked, and he was buffeted and has no certain dwelling place. He was treated as filth of the world and as the scourging of the same. Paul was a holy ghost preacher and suffered as all holy ghost preachers have suffered in all ages. People don't like that kind of men, it seems, for they are not fashionable enough to suit the taste of the worldly minded. "August Fly" wants me to let foolishness alone. I wonder if he means by that I am to repudiate holiness and turn critic against holy ghost religion. If he does I shall disappoint him for I regard a man's religion as his personal matter and so far as I am concerned he can worship as he pleases. I know men under the power and influence of the holy ghost act very foolish and always have. Saul, David and all the prophets admit as much and the disciples were accused of being drunk and were defended by Peter. Paul's declaration to the Corinthians wasn't of the wisdom of the world, and I reckon he knew, as he claimed to be a disciple of Christ and the most learned yet the most simple.

Well, our singing convention came off on Hobb's Hill and was a success due to Mr. Charlie Patrick and his friends. Dr. Hembree spoke words of encouragement to the class. The President, Mr. Levi Woodlee, went home pleased with the success in singing. One lady seemed to be very much disturbed on the dinner for fear somebody didn't get anything or enough to eat. I told her not to worry as I did n't know anybody was obligated to fix dinner for anyone. The sooner people learn to bring their own dinners to picnics the better. Spongers have about destroyed basket dinners and picnics. It is a pity, but it can't be helped. General picnics are things of the past, so our future dinners and picnics will be of a private nature.

The next convention will be at Philadelphia on Collins River the fifth Sunday in November. Take your dinner or stay at home. Don't go to eat and stuff on other folks' hash. Remember this, you folks who take your dinner, eat it, and if you feel like asking someone to eat with you do so, but don't holler out, "Everybody come and eat." You've got to destroy bums before we'll ever have any more general picnics worth the name. We had a wedding at the convention, a Miss Tucker to a Mr. Brown.

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IN DECEMBER OF HIS LIFE

Bouyant Bridegroom at Advanced Age of 92.

Pleasant C. Grayson Weds Mrs. Martha Howard.

From Chattanooga Times:
CLEVELAND, Tenn., Aug. 29.—
"Darling, I am growing gold,
Silver threads among the gold;
Shine upon my brow today—
Life is fading fast away."

This old-time sentimental song, written half a century ago and rejuvenated in recent years to more or less evanescent popularity, might appropriately have been sung by Pleasant C. Grayson and Mrs. Martha Howard when they were married by Squire Jeff Morelock last Wednesday, for the groom was 92 years old and the bride was—well, somewhere between 50 and 70.

It was not, therefore, exactly a wedding of December and May, but perhaps, if it had been one of May and June, figuratively speaking, it could not have been a happier nuptial event, for the bride and bridegroom were as lively as the proverbial lively cricket, and they beamed their happiness in golden smiles like unto sunflowers turning their morning-dewed faces to the splendor of the rising sun. When Mr. Grayson walked into the office of Jacob Smith, county court clerk, and asked for a marriage license Mr. Smith at first thought the old gentleman wanted the license for someone else, and when Mr. Grayson explained that he was the happy husband-to-be Mr. Smith nearly had a fit. Having obtained the precious document, Mr. Grayson walked out of the courthouse with a youthful resilience of step, mounted a column of air and floated down to the residence of Squire Morelock, where Mrs. Howard, equally as happy and light hearted as the groom, was awaiting his arrival with beating heart and beaming face.

Just at that time Mr. Morelock happened to be out in the country looking after a real estate deal, and the two were compelled to await his return for the marriage ceremony to be performed.

Mr. Grayson took a seat on the porch beside Mrs. Howard—quite close beside her, indeed, and looked affectionately into her eyes, giving evidence in his attitude that more tangible indications of devotion would have followed but for the proximity of the porch to the publicity of Central avenue. Mrs. Morelock, who had been entertaining Mrs. Howard while Mr. Grayson waited after the license, was a spectator of the scene, and, of course, a very interested spectator, of both.

Both are nice people and I hope will do well.

I would like to thank all of my friends for their patience in allowing me to afflict them so much with my letters. I am not prejudiced in the least against anyone. I think the least said regarding the conduct of people about their mode of worship the better. If it is their wish to roll and tumble, it's all right. This is a free country, provided you don't preach socialism, unionism and holy ghost religion. Do either and down and out you go, and yet either is better for the poor than anything we have got, if you please, but it doesn't suit the bosses and grafters.

UNCLE TOM.
Tracy City, Tenn.

this moving picture of the juvenation of youth and happiness, the living romance having more charm than a fascinating novel.

Having been smilingly assured by Mr. Grayson that he was really 92 years old, Mrs. Morelock said, with a diplomatic smile, to Mrs. Howard, "and how old are you?"

Upholding the reputation of her sex for keeping the feminine age shrouded in the shadow of secrecy, Mrs. Howard ingeniously answered, "Well, you may think I'm fifty, or sixty, or seventy, but I am just about half as old as my husband that is to be will be on his next birthday. Now, do you know how old I am?"

Reflecting a moment, Mrs. Howard added, "He may die before I do, but I hope not because I hope he'll never leave me. I have been married before and have children and grandchildren, but I am happier now than I ever was, and I hate to think that death will sometime separate us, but Lord bless us, I reckon we all have to go when He calls."

"Squire Morelock drove up in his buggy about that time and Mr. Grayson jumped off the porch with the buoyancy of a boy, to meet him at the gate. When Mr. Morelock realized that he was up against the wedding of a man almost a centenarian he was dazed and so plainly showed his astonishment as to provoke the smiling bridegroom into laughter.

"Of course it's me that wants to get married," declared Mr. Grayson, "and this is the woman I'm goin' to marry. Martha, this is Mr. Morelock. Now come on and let's get it over with. We want to get home in time for supper, you know, because they'll be waiting for us."

Pending the ceremony Mr. Grayson vouchsafed the information that he had a farm in the Sequachee valley and is at present visiting his grandson near Eureka, in Bradley county. "I am a pensioner," he said proudly, "and I draw it because I fought hard in Co. 1 of the Tenth Tennessee volunteer infantry in the civil war, and my commander made me second sergeant. I feel as young now as I did then in my forties, and I want to tell you that this is the fourth wife I have had, but this is the best of all."

After the ceremony the happy couple spryly climbed into a wagon hitched to a good double team and sat down on the backless seat for a wedding journey to their country home with as much happiness in their hearts as though they had millions in the bank and were taking a private Pullman car for a tour of the universe.

As they drove away, followed by the good wishes of those who had gathered for the nuptial event, the jubilant groom took the reins in his right hand and affectionately placed his left arm where it belonged.

A Railroad Man's Prayer.

"Oh, Lord, now that I have flagged Tired, lift my feet from the rough road of life, plant them safely on deck of train of salvation. Make all couplings of train with the strong link of Thy love; let me use the safetyvalve of Prudence and, Heavenly Father, keep all switches closed that lead on sidings, especially those with blind end. Oh, Lord, let every semaphore block along the line show the white light of hope that that I may make the run of life without stopping. Let my hand lamps be the Bible! Give the Ten Commandments for a schedule, and when I have finished my run and have on scheduled time pulled into the great dark station of death, may the Superintendent of the universe say with a smile, "Well, done, thou good and faithful servant, come up and sign the payroll and receive your check for eternal happiness." Amen.

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